

THE  
Humorous Miscellany ;  
OR,  
*Riddles* for the B E A U X.

Humbly Inscribed to  
The Right Honourable the  
Earl of C A R D I G A N.

---

By E ——— B *oyd*

---

*Humour, the Comic God, by vary'd Ways,  
Aims to obtain, from all, the Laureat Bays ;  
Flatters our Foibles, laughs us out of Folly ;  
Smiles on our Faults, and heals our Melancholy.  
How if the Trifle fails? --- Why we're but bit :  
We did our best, to ape the Modern Wit.  
Dull serious Things are often very Trifles ;  
Humour, when frank and gay, no Temper rifles.  
The Statesman, and the Trader it amuses ;  
Nor Corporation, nor Excise abuses.*

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for S. Slow ; and sold by the  
Bookfellers of London and Westminster,  
1733. (Price One-Shilling.)






THE  
Humorous Miscellany.

---

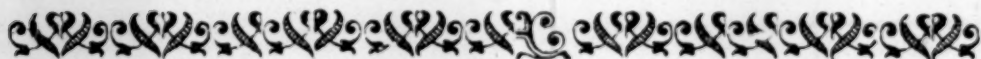
*Love Triumphant over Grandeur.*

ON

The *Marriage* of the late Dutchess of  
LEEDS with the Earl of PORTMORE.

OR glaring *Titles*, and a gaudy *Show*,  
What Numbers wed, exchanging *Bliss* for *Woe* ;  
Whilst secret *Misery* attends the *State*,  
Where all we hope for's to be *Rich* or *Great* ;  
But oh ! when Heav'n-born *Love* the *Pair* unite,  
What can express th'extatick dear *Delight* ?  
*Title* and *Pomp* forgot for softer *Charms*,  
Substantial *Bliss*, each finds in eithers *Arms* ;  
A calm *Serene* succeeds the *Nuptial Iye* ;  
Happy the *Lovers* live, resign'd they die ;

In every Action perfect Love appears,  
 The Nymph obliges, the blest Swain endears.  
 For such a solid Heav'n, the lovely *Leeds*  
 Relinquishes her *Grandeur*, with her sable Weeds :  
 To gen'rous *Portmore* yields her blooming Charms ;  
*Portmore*, whose Bosom *Love* and *Honour* warms ;  
 And dies enraptur'd in the *Hero's* Arms.  
 Hail happy Pair ! good, faithful, kind, and just,  
 May you to long Eternity be blest,  
 In hoary *Age*, of every Wish possess'd,  
 White *Angels* waft you to the Realms of *Rest*.



## R I D D L E I.



Swift, Slow Being, of a strenuous Force ;  
 The Depth of *Thought*, and *Why* of all Discourse ;  
 Th' unending *End* of every wond'rous Cause ;  
 The great Decider of our potent'st *Laws* ;  
 The busy Thinker in it blends his *All* ;  
 It does even *Monarchs* on their *Thrones* inthral ;  
 Puzzler of *Reason*, *Wisdom*, *Folly*, *Sence* :  
 But you'll ask, what's this *Nameless*, or from whence ?  
 I answer, It had Issue from great *Jove*,  
 Begot by *Prudence*, cultur'd by *True Love* :  
 It now is waxen to a huge tall *Stature*,  
 Infected oft, yet full of boundless *Matter*.  
 A *Thing* without, or *Fashion*, or *Enclosure*,  
 A wou'd-be of all 'versal *Things* Disposer ;

*Witwou'd*



*Witwou'd* and *Marplot*, join with *Brave* and *Stupid* ;  
 Nor 'scapes its Gin grim *Pluto*, nor trim *Cupid*.  
 The jealous *Fond*, and the ungrateful *Dealt-by*,  
 Give a just Definition, viz. what's felt-by.  
 The curious *Limner* tracks it many Ways ;  
 The *Critic* gives it ever-living Bays ;  
 Th' unmated *Something* rules the *False*, the *True*,  
 The *Dead*, the *Living*, *Antique*, or the *New*.  
*Traffic* or *Post*, *Battle* or *lazy Peace*,  
*Nothing* or *any Thing* makes it increase.  
*Is* or *is not*, *so be it*, *wherefore*, *why*,  
 Make it Employ with *Question* and *Reply* :  
*Parliamentarians* make it much Dispute,  
 And *Towr'd Peers* allow it absolute.  
*Crowns* call'd in Query, make for its Defence,  
 It quick resolves the *how*, *where*, *here*, or *hence* :  
 No controverted Point but what it centers,  
 Nor no *Delusion*, but it knowing enters :  
*Religion*, *Fashion*, *Dress*, *Opinion*, give  
 Enough unmix'd to make the *Mungril* live.  
*Bird*, *Brute*, *Fish* ; nay, a well or ill-set *Table*,  
*Good-Humour*, *Bad*, *Health*, *Ghost*, or *Vegetable* ;  
 The every *Thing* of every *Kind* s compriz'd,  
 In this same unfound Foundling of the *Skies*.  
 What should it be ? Immediate you reply.  
 What can support such Matter ; for the *why*,  
 Look on the Heav'n-dipt *Clouds*, survey the *Earth*,  
*Seas*, *Pastures*, *Rocks*, *Rarities*, *Grief*, or *Mirth* ;  
 Look on the *Intellectuals* you possess,  
 And answer me, Can not a *Mortal* guess ?  
 Where's *Reason*, fine *Imagine*, solid *Thought* ?  
 What Meaning, says your *Dulness*, makes my Fault ?  
 Again look over the Corporeal *Plan*,  
*Reins*, *Kidneys*, *Arteries*, all that calls you *Man* ;

Examine,

Examine, search the *Inside* and the *Out* ;  
 Tell me you're *Collick-rack'd*, or limpt with *Gout* :  
 Look on the *Schools*, the *Colleges*, the *Halls* ;  
 See new *St. Martin's*, see unfinish'd *Paul's* ;  
 What curious *Curiosities* we probe,  
 In a but *Superficial* of the *Globe*.  
 See that gay *Diamond*, how it's cut, how shin'd,  
 And tell me, are you stupid still, still blind ?  
 Does not the all that I have urg'd evince ?  
 You're doing the same thing, O Shame of *Sense* !  
 Enquiring all this while for a *Reply*,  
 And cannot think of an *Enquiry*.



TO MR. JOHN LOCKMAN, on his *Excellent*  
 ODE to his Grace of *Buckingham*, 1730.

EXalted *Genius*, boldly master *Fame*,  
 Form thy young *Patron*, worthy *Sheffield's* Name.  
 My *Verse* too rude, nor knows my *Muse* to tell,  
 How *Buckingham* in *Lockman* does excel ;  
 Where *sweet* and *strong* in every charming *Line*,  
*Correct* and *beauteous* makes the *Poem* shine,  
 And proves the *Poet*, as the *Gods*, *Divine*.

Verses



*Verses writ Extempore, at Request.*

**A**S from the *Arrow* hastes the warbling *Train*,  
 So from the ruin'd *Fair*, the faithless *Swain*;  
 Sudden and swift, the *Nymph* beholds him lost,  
 Both to her *Happiness* and *Honours* Cost :  
 Yet when the *Rover* ask'd the *Virgin's* Heart,  
 With how much Wit he woo'd, with how much Art !  
 Unhappy *Sex* ! Ah ! why thus easy won ?  
 Possessing, you are sure to be undone.  
 Why does a soft *Carefs*, a soothing *Lye*,  
 Make *Virtue*, *Honour*, *Sense*, and *Reason* fly ?  
*Daphnis* so gaz'd, so lov'd, so spoke, so charm'd,  
*Diana's* self, like me, had sure been warm'd !  
 Who that had seen the *Cupid* in his Eye,  
 But wou'd have sworn his *Ardor* could not die ?  
 Unnumber'd *Graces* all his *Words* confest ;  
 By him to be undone was to be blest.  
 But he is false. — Be you so : Where's the Odds ?  
 Lure some new *Swain*, and baffle *Pluto's* *Gods*.  
 No, first I'll die, cries some fond simple *Maid* :  
 So leaves young blooming *Joys* for *Gloom* and *Shade* ;  
 And for her *Constancy* with *Shame* is paid.  
 All blame the *Folly*, few condemn the *Cause*,  
 Successful *Villains* ever meet *Applause*.

To



*To Theodore Jacobson, Esq; on his new-  
built Retirement, called Lonesom, or  
Jacobson's Grove.*

**H**AIL new-born *Lodge*, all Nature's fav'rite *Seat*,  
Where all that's *beauteous*, joins with all that's *neat* !  
*Hail Woods, Hail Streams, Jacobson's Grove, all Hail !*  
Here may the lovely Youth, tell the fond *Tale*,  
The *Sylvan Scene*, and soothing Song prevail. }  
*Merit* must *charm*, and *Lonesome* was not made  
For savage *Solitude* to curse the *Shade*.  
Thy *Founder* knew he meant thee a *Retreat*,  
For *Love* to *bless*, and *Friendship* to complete.



*A S O N G, made at a Lady's Toilet,  
whilst she drest at Windsor.*

**A** *Nymph* so *bright*, a *Look* so *sweet*,  
An *Air* and *Mien* so *fine*,  
*Goodness* to make that *Form* complete,  
Proves the lov'd *Fair Divine*.

Cou'd



## II.

Cou'd Poets Lays, or Beaus Address,  
 Add Lustre to thy Charms ;  
 It were, to make that Beauty less,  
 That every Bosom warms.

## III.

Resistless all you conquer Hearts,  
 And a whole Court inflame ;  
 Whilst you, unmov'd, by thousand Darts,  
 Continue still the same.



## R I D D L E II.

A Thing there is, by every Nation caught,  
 Born long ago of the great union'd what ;  
 Diffus'd to all, yet shar'd when first begot.

## II.

Unbounded, *universal* its extent,  
 Swift, as quick Storms, to every World it went,  
 And strait perform'd the Orders of the Sent.

B

A Thing

III.

A *Thing* without a *Form*, without a *Soul*,  
Past *Paralel*, past *Art*, without controul;  
In one short *Word*, the *Wisdom* of the *whole*.

IV.

It *was*, *was not*, *had being*, yet had *none*;  
Its Fastness, far cut-equalling the *Sun*,  
Tell me, ye *Wits*, what such a Conquest *won* ?

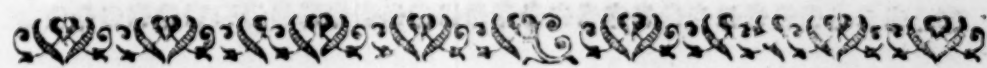
V.

I own, would *Heaven* allow me one bare *Wish*,  
I'd centre in the *Something* all my *Bliss*,  
Engross its *Charms* : Pray tell me what it *is* ?

The SOLUTION.

WHAT should it *be*, but ever-circ'ling *Thought*,  
The *World's* first *Founder's Mission* ; for this ought  
With and without a never-ceasing *Fault*.





## On the Death of an Infant of five Years Old.

DEAR pretty *Babe* farewell, a blest *Adieu* ;  
 Wou'd I were half as *blest*, as guiltless too.  
 For thee, dear *Angel*, tho' we drop a *Tear*,  
 Thy certain Happiness dispels our *Fear* ;  
 So when the *Innocents* by *Herod* died,  
 More *Saints* rejoic'd, than earthly *Mothers* cry'd.



## R I D D L E III

*Spoken Extempore, on being told I loved  
 Damon.*

SUPPOSE me *His*, the *Youth* deserves my *Care*,  
 Constant as *Sylvia's* Wish, yet free as *Air* :  
 He's all that's *Lovely*, or I think him so,  
 And did I *not*, more you should never know,

*Damon* was not below'd. ———



*Verses* occasioned by a *Fly's* winging its  
Way into the *Eyes* of a beautiful *Lady*,  
when in the *Country*; from which un-  
easy Pain she was relieved by the Good-  
ness of the Handsome *Dutchess* of -----  
Written *Extempore*.

VAIN busy *Fly*, by *Beauty's* Rays undone,  
Vain to attempt to blind the radiant *Sun* :  
How, fond, enamour'd *Insect*, could'st thou dare,  
To injure idly the enchanting *Fair*.  
Say, should the favourite *Man* whom we approve,  
By Arts thus inconsistent sue for *Love*,  
Would we not soon resent the bold *Essay*,  
And quickly drive th' *Impertinent* away.  
Say gaudy witless *Thing*, what can be meant,  
To mimic *Love*, yet rob her of *Content* ?  
Jealous of *all*, some *Fury* sure must move,  
To veil the *Eye*, that strikes all *Eyes* with *Love*.  
And to be only *blest*, deprive the *Fair*,  
Of every *Bliss*, and fill her with *Despair*,  
The noble *Peer* had then his *Daughter* mourn'd,  
And the fond *Husband* Sigh for Sigh returned.  
Say, oh ! maliciously vain-glorious *Fly*,  
Was there no Part to injure, but the *Eye*.

Why



Why didst not, rather wing to \* *Windsor's Plains*,  
 Where buzzing *Insects*, sporting fall in *Rains*,  
 Uninjur'd then the lovely charming *She*,  
 Had *happy* been, and thou as *blest* as we;  
 But say, how shall I paint the generous *Mind*?  
 Or the bright *Dutchess*, Wonder of her *Kind*!  
 To force away the *Trifler* from her *Friend*,  
 Whom beauteous *Love*, and every *Grace* attend.  
 Hail, *happy Handkerchief*! inviting *Hand*,  
 As *Velvet* soft, and form'd for sweet *Command*,  
 Proud to protect, where *Beauty* is the *Fee*,  
 Where *Cupids* sporting we enchanted see.



## R I D D L E IV.

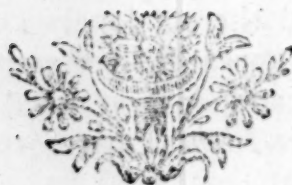
U Nmeaning, meaning *Thing*, how shall I write?  
 How thy unnumber'd matchless *Beauties* cite?  
 What shall I call *thee*? In what study'd *Verse*,  
 Thy restless *Changes*, thy true *Praise* rehearse?  
 Now, as a *big stupendious Mount*, rais'd high,  
 We see thee, brave *Jupiter's* tall-topp'd *Sky*;  
 Then as a *Cargo* wreckt in *Waters* fell,  
 We follow thee to an unfathom'd *Hell*;  
 A *Monkey* now, anon a peopled *Town*;  
 Here a *Campaign*, and there a lonely *Down*.  
*Something* thou still appear'st, yet *nothing art*;  
 At once thou *scar'st*, and do'st at once *divert*.  
 Methought, as yonder *Night* I pac'd the *Green*,  
 I saw *thee* every *Thing* that could be *seen*:

---

\* Alluding to a Shower of *Flies* reported to fall at *Windsor* about that Time.

The *stiff sage Statesman*, the admir'd *Youth* ;  
 Now *Innocence*, and now a *Foe to Truth* ;  
 The haughty *Infidel*, the tawny *Jew* :  
 But still thy *self*, to *Change* for ever true.  
*Officious Drudge*, all *Kinds*, all *Forms* thou ap'st ;  
 Yon *Fish* thou circlest, that gay *Bird* thou rap'st ;  
 The minutest *Microscope* our *Optics* see,  
 Makes a *fresh wherefore* to applaud great *Thee*.  
 Thou'rt every *where*, in every *Thing*, the *Tomb*  
 From active *thee* finds not a vacant *Room*.  
*Cradle*, or *Jug*, *Coach*, *Whip*, *Hay-Stack*, or *Chair*,  
 Nor lockt up *Vaults*, nor *Churches* do'st thou spare.  
*Guide* to the *Beggar*, *Usher* to the *King*,  
 A *slender*, big *bulk'd*, odd, *prodigious Thing*,  
 I *saw*, as looking o'er the *wavelet Brink*,  
 I *saw*, or thought I *saw*, *Gods*, what I think!  
 I *grasp'd*, or would have *grasp'd* thee, with *Delight* :  
 When oh ! ill-natur'd swift, thou took'st thy *Flight*  
 I *saw thee* then all *meagre*, all *distrest*,  
 And flung thee from my mockt forsaken *Breast*.  
*Help, Proteus*, help, and with thy vary'd *Lays*,  
 In every *Shape* the changing nothing praise ;  
 Whilst I too much unfit, *submissive bend*,  
 And leave my *Shadow* for a *substantiv'd End*.

The Riddle's Shadow.





*To Mr. B - - k, on his leaving his Mistress  
for want of five hundred Pound.*

**B**ASE sordid Fop, to love to make Pretence,  
When Gold alone's the Standard of thy Sense.  
Is not *three hundred Pound* sufficient Pelf?  
If not, for want of *five* go hang thy self:  
Lament and pine, nay storm, curse, rave, and fret,  
As Men in Lunacy, or desperate Debt.  
But know the slighted Nymph will never be  
A Bridal Slave to such a wretch as thee;  
Too well she knows thee, mercenary Knave,  
A churlish Elf from Cradle to the Grave.  
Go, Wretch, return to *Sixty*\* *six Weeks* more  
Will, doubtless, gain the Idol you adore.  
Gold may, perhaps, support thy Timber Trade,  
Better than stealing Planks in Masquerade.  
Yet recollect, thy Name's upon Record,  
Where wert thou now, had'st thou had thy Reward.

---

\* Alluding to his late *Courtship* to a Widow of *Sixty* Year old, that  
he followed *Six Weeks*.



On Losing the Copy of *Shadow*, after reading it to a *Lady*. Writ *Extempore*.

*S* HADOW, thou wert, and art, and wilt remain ;  
*I thought* I had thee safe, but *thought* was vain ;  
*I pocketed thee*, that I'm very sure,  
 But slippery *Shadow* brookt not such a *Lure* :  
*I chang'd thee into Substance*, for deserving,  
 And have as good a Mind to turn thee *starving*.  
 Nay take it for a Truth, if you abuse me,  
 Faith, *Shadow*, in Return, I shall misuse ye.  
 And *I've* at present but a base *Opinion*,  
 Though thou wast once my *Beauty*, and my *Minion*.  
*Ods Flesh!* if you should turn again to *Air*,  
 The *Bookseller*, I've cheated him, will swear.  
 Therefore I charge thee once be more than *Shade*,  
 Or I shall be with nought but *Shadows* paid :  
 And tho' I can be *brisk*, or so, about *thee*,  
 I'd gladly, in some *Cases*, be without *thee* ;  
 For were I but by thy slight *Income* fed,  
 I might perchance go early to *Clay Bed*.  
 Yet *Emptiness* I have resolv'd to try,  
 If very *Shade* can bear *Solidity*.  
 For why, I've known some noble worthy *Men*,  
 Act *Shadows* for deep *Reasons* now and then ;  
 But should I here, by Fortune bad, hap' fail,  
 Take it for granted, swingingly I'll rail.



Keep in my *Book*, make thy strange Humour sell,  
 Or *I'll* — What was't I said — O never tell :  
 But I'll do *Something* — Ha — the *Sun* disappears :  
 Oh ! *Shadow*, *Shadow* : Oh ! my *Fears*, my *fears* :  
 Well, if you vanish, I'll no more ; but I  
 Stand a fair Venture for — *Enquiry*.



## A SONG : Design'd for the *Ridotto*.

### *Tune of* Three Children sliding on the Ice.

I N Ancient Days, when *Virtue* blest,  
 By all was valued, and carest,  
 There liv'd a Race of honest *Men* ;  
 Whereas there's now, scarce one in Ten.

#### II.

For, go to *Play*, or eke to *Prayer*,  
*Folly* and *Vice* would make one *stare*.  
*Miss* in *Brocade* may strip your *Watch*,  
 Th' *embroider'd Spark* your *Jewels* catch.

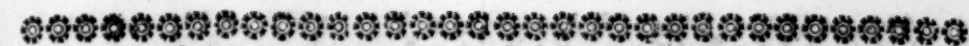
D

On

On the *Death* of an *Infant* of *five Days*  
old, being a *beautiful* but *abortive Birth*.

**H**OW frail is human *Life*! How fleet our *Breath*,  
 Born with the Symptoms of approaching *Death*!  
 What dire Convulsions rend a *Mother's Breast*,  
 When by a *First-born Son's* Decease distressed,  
 Altho' an *Embryo*, an abortive *Boy*,  
 Thy wond'rous *Beauties* gave a wond'rous *Joy*:  
 Still flattering *Hope*, a flatt'ring *Idea* gives,  
 And whilst the *Birth* can breathe, we say it *lives*.  
 With what kind Warmth the dear-lov'd *Babe* was prest!  
 The darling *Man* was with less *Love* carest.  
 How dear, how *innocent*, the fond *Embrace*?  
 The *Father's Form* all o'er, the *Father's Face*,  
 The sparkling *Eye*, gay with a *Cherub* smile,  
 Some flying *Hours*, the *Mother-Pangs* beguile;  
 The pretty *Mouth*, a *Cupid's Tale* exprest,  
 In amorous Murmurs, to the full-swoln *Breast*,  
 If *Angel* Infancy, can so *Indear*,  
 Dear *Angel* Infants, must command a *Tear*.  
 Oh! could the stern-soul'd *Sex*, but know the *Pain*,  
 Or the soft *Mother's Agonies* sustain,  
 With tend'rest *Love* the obdurate *Heart* would burn,  
 And the shock'd *Father*, *Tear* for *Tear* return.

*Verses*



*Verses Congratulatory on the Happy Marriage of the Honourable Mrs. Anna-Maria Mordaunt, with Stephen Poyntz, Esq;*

**A**WAKE, melodious *Lyres*, in loftiest *Verse*,  
*Mordaunt's Connubials* with Delight rehearse,  
*Seraphic Voices* join the sprightliest *Lays*,  
 And sweetly warbling *Notes*, the *Shepherd's Praise*.  
 Sing, *Muse*, the happy *Nymph's* transcendant *Charms*,  
 Sing the blest *Swain*, whose Bosom Honour warms.  
 Fair *Mordaunt's Goodness*, every *Tongue* expresse,  
 Sage *Poyntz's Worth*, far distant *Lands* confess.  
 As the first blissful *Pair*, view'd with Surprise,  
 Fair *Flourets Bloom*, and beauteous *Landskip's* rise,  
 Yet lost their Wonder, at each others Sight,  
 Charm'd with new Joys, and a more kind Delight,  
 For either languish, till the nuptial Tye,  
 Compleats the new-known *Bliss* with *Extasy*;  
 So learned *Poyntz*, so generous *Mordant* see,  
 Gay splendid *Courts*, with cool Indifferency,  
 Yet unconcern'd — When *Cupid* fangs a *Dart*,  
 The *Lovers* meet, and swift exchange a Heart.  
 Each saw by *Sympathy*, the others *Worth*,  
 And jointly cry'd, this Gift is *Wealth* enough,  
 Victorious *Love*, with *Hymen* strait shook *Hands*,  
 Smiling the enraptur'd *Pair*, grace *Marriage Bands*.



Verſes on Capt. D---s, who after ſubſcribing to a certain *Pamphlet*, and keeping it upwards of nine *Months*, both reſuſed to pay for it, and returned it *Unſalable*.

**I***nfamous Soldier*, Is it thus you *Fight*?  
 Go honour *Crowns*, as you do thoſe who write,  
 Impoſe on either, not as *brave Men* wou'd,  
 But as a *Coward*, who will ne'er be *Good*;  
 So *Soldiers Fight*, who never ſaw a *Field*;  
 So *Women* argue, when inclin'd to *yield*:  
 But know, young *Captain*, when your *Orders* come,  
 For *Spain's Gibraltar*, or for *Port Mahone*.  
 If ſo you ſculk from *War*, as now from *Pay*,  
 Diſgrace attends you, to your *Dying Day*.  
*Vain* mean ſoul'd *Fop*, poorly to wrong a *Woman*,  
 And *glory* in't, becauſe the *Fraud* is common,  
 Yet *Prenez Garde*, Baſeneſs may prove a *Loſs*,  
 Record aſſuming \* *Maſter* of the *H—ſe*.

---

\* Alluding to the *Captain's Airs*, when under the Lord *M—s*, which folly to his Coſt, loſt him a beneficial *Poſt*.



On the Death of the Excellent Mrs. *Hyde*,  
Wife to Capt. *Hyde*. Addressed to  
her Daughter.

NO Melancholy *Muse* assist my *Quill*,  
Yet all be solemn, and as Sadsnels still.  
Sing heavenly *Requiems* to the new-born Saint,  
Her *Virtue*, and her *Goodness* Seraphs paint.  
See infant *Angels*, hail the *Fair* to *Bliss*,  
And beauteous *Cherubs*, chaunt her *Happiness*.  
In *Heaven's* high *Orb* enthron'd, the *Matron* see,  
The *Guardian Houri* of her *Family*.  
See how she hovers o'er her *Spouse* and *Child*,  
Smiling (as when she liv'd) *Angelic* mild.  
Such is her *Offspring*, generous, frank, and sage,  
Belov'd by *Youth*, and revered by *Age*;  
In *Conversation* witty and *Polite*,  
*Ravis'd* we hear, and listen with *Delight*.  
None hear the *Charmer*, but depart improv'd;  
Who are not aw'd by *Shame*, by *Love's* reprov'd.  
A *Hyde* appears in ev'ry dazzling *Grace*,  
The *Fair-one* shines the *Glory* of her *Race*.

The



## The *Dispute* : Or the *Religious Ladies*.

**F**LORELLA *humorous, gay, and young,*  
 The present *Subject* of our *Song*,  
 Who had to *Beauty* some *Pretence*,  
 Had *Merit*, and her *Share* of *Sense*,  
 Hap't to encounter, as it's told,  
 A *Dame* prodigious *four* and *old*.  
 Of *Scottish* *Kirk* the *Grandame's* *Brood*,  
 The *Taint* infected eke her *Blood*:  
 Of that same *Sort* was the old *Dame*,  
 That couple *People* for the *Game* :  
 She dealt in *White-pots*, *Creams*, and *Jellies*,  
 And could promote *lank* or *Big-Bellies* ;  
 Then sh' understood *Prognostication*,  
 Almost as well as *Fornication*.  
 Her main support at *Board* and *Bed*,  
 Her hospitable *Friends*, it's said.

The younger was a *joc'lar Lass*,  
 A *Widow* of th' *Hibernian Class*.  
 Some *Days* each were to either kind,  
 And seem'd to *sympathize* in *Mind* ;  
 For they were *Neighbours*, and 'twere just,  
 They should be *friendly* as the *rest*.  
 But so it *chanc'd*, or so fell out,  
 They *jarr'd* ; And what d'ye think about ?

*Geud-*

*Geud-Faith, Religion's the Dispute,*  
*The Matron would be absolute,*  
*And preach'd up all those Prudish Rules,*  
*That make of blooming Virgin's Fools.*  
*Platonic Love, and this, and that,*  
*Passions were vile, and God knows what.*  
*The other talk'd but moderate,*  
*And calmly bid her cease her Prate,*  
*Which made old Darcas fume and fret,*  
*And look as pale as Chalk she'd eat ;*  
*Tho' all her Maxims prov'd this Truth,*  
*She'd Wit enough to ruin Youth ;*  
*For she had been a Doctor's Maid,*  
*And often warm'd him, as it's said,*  
*Who when his much-wrong'd Consort dy'd,*  
*Made of his Household-Drudge a Bride.*  
*Death quickly snatch'd the Don away,*  
*Arch-Dowdy now turns Widow gay ;*  
*Keeps her Gallant, and riots purely,*  
*Yet looks in Publick so demurely :*  
*To Strangers cries, Lord, I'm undone !*  
*Bless me ! I've got a Spend-thrift Son.*  
*He is a witty pretty Fellow,*  
*But he consumes too fast my Yallow.*  
*Now Master flights, the Dame grows wild.*  
*Alas ! he's an unhappy Child.*  
*The Tounker strips the Dotard bare :*  
*She's left to Mis'ry and Despair.*  
*In vain she raves, she weeps in vain,*  
*Beau Court-All's spent the Doctor's Gain,*  
*Forc'd patiently to bear the Cross,*  
*Hypocrisy makes up the Loss.*  
*The holy Mask in rev'rend Age,*  
*Deceives the Godly and the Sage.*

*Compassion*

*Compassion* gentle Natures show,  
 And *Courtesy*, Dissembling P O W,  
 Tho' but a *Carrier's* Brat by *Birth*,  
 The *meanest* mongrel Thing on Earth,  
 The Creature now dares boldly tell,  
 Her Parents liv'd genteel and well,  
 Tires you incessantly with *Prate*,  
 How well she's bred; her *Friends* how great.  
 So *Artifice* shades Hell-born Spleen,  
 And pious Shows the *Vicious* skreen.  
 Now answer me, ye *Men of Sense*,  
 If there's *Religion* in *Pretence*?  
 Or if the *Fair*, who calmly heard,  
 Was not for Heaven best prepar'd?  
 For no *Religion* e'er was meant,  
 To make *Debates*, but to prevent.



On an *Infant's* lying some Days unburied,  
 for Want of *Money*, the *Father* being  
 absent and ill.

WHEN tender *Mothers* lose a long-wish'd Heir,  
 They feel the poignant Tortures of *Despair*;  
 But oh! when *Poverty's* the Curse of *Fate*,  
 And shrouded *Babes* on Jilting *Fortune* wait,  
 The *Mother's* *Agonies* what can excel?  
 What can express, or what *Idea* tell?

*Inhumane*



*Inhuman Shock ! What Horrors rend the Breast ?  
 When by distracting Grief's the Soul's deprest ?  
 Where's Fortitude when Nature bleeds with Woe ;  
 When Friend's forsake, and ebbing Fortune's low ?  
 Unhappy Babe, no Father hail'd thy Birth,  
 Nor knew thou wast deny'd the Common Earth.  
 Absent and ill ; for each the Mother bled,  
 The Father dying, the dear Infant dead ;  
 Ten tedious Days, the melancholy Sight,  
 Drew Tears, that once gave Raptures of Delight.*



## *The A D V I C E.*

**N**O longer mourn, fair Sufferer, rouse and see,  
 The Infant *Seraph*, rapt in *Extasy*.  
 See the young *beauteous Babe*, thy darling Boy,  
*In-orb'd* in *Bliss*, and tune thy Soul to Joy,  
 The spotless *Innocent's* the Friend of *Jove*,  
 Angelic-White, they claim Seraphic Love.  
 Their tender Age, nor *Vice*, nor *Folly* tint,  
 Destin'd when *born*, for the most glorious *Saint*.  
 What's to be envy'd here, there's nought below,  
 But racking *Cares*, and Scenes of poignant *Wee*,  
 Who early *Dye*, are blest they never know.  
 Rejoice thy first-born Son was born to *Bliss*,  
 And to be grateful, merit *Happiness*.

D

*The*



## The R E P L Y.

**T**O practise the *Advice* we give's but *just*,  
 Yet which of us can do it, when *distress* ?  
 When *Nature* forces *Tears* t' indulge a *Grief*;  
 At least some *Time* seems the most kind *Relief*;  
 For oh ! when *Wounds* are *tender*, *fore*, and *Green*,  
 The *Surgeon's* hated, who dares intervene ;  
 Tho' when the *Cure's* perform'd, we grateful *lend*,  
 And *pay*, and *praise* the *skilful gen'rous Friend*.



## To Lady Sarah Cowper on her Birth-Day.

**S**TRIKE up, ye warbling *Lyres*, with pleasing *Art*,  
 Awake, ye *Geniuses*, and warm the *Heart*.  
 Hail *Sacharissa's* Birth, ye tuneful *Nine*,  
 The *good*, the *learn'd*, the *gen'rous*, the *divine*,  
 Enraptur'd *Priests*, when they an *Angel* draw,  
 Faint speak her *Charms*, which ravish whilst they awe:  
 Enchanting *Nymph*, Oh ! could my *Muse* but tell,  
 How much thy *Virtues* does thy *Sex* excell,  
 Where *manly Conduct*, joins the softer *Grace*,  
 And *sprightly Wisdom*, sparkles in the *Face*.

Could

Could I in flowing *Verse* thy Praise indite,  
 I'd teach the learn'd World how they should write;  
 Instruct them how to hail the happy Day,  
 That all may joyous, sprightly be, and gay,  
 My humble Muse does now sincerely *pray*.

}

~~~~~

Writ under the Impossibility in the *Beaus*  
*Miscellany*, by a Gentleman.

SUCH are the Raptures your *Embraces* give,  
 For whom alone I love, alone I live;  
 Such is my *Fondness*, and so vast your *Charms*,  
 Its Extasy to Dye, in *Clara's Arms*.  
 Gods! were it possible, for us to Joyn  
 In *Nuptial-Bands*, the Bliss would be Divine:  
 But oh, the Bars that mutual Love Controul;  
 Th' *Impossibility* Distracts my Soul.  
 Yet sure to Love and be belov'd's a *Heaven*  
 To Mortals for Relief of Miseries Given  
 Love but like me, my *Fair* no higher Bliss  
 I have to ask—your Love my Solar Wish,  
 So Arm'd there's no Misfortune, but I'd Dare,  
 Even meagre *Poverty*, I'd learn to bear  
 Could I Present a *Person* with a *Heart*,  
 We'd meet my *Charmer* never more to Part.



A SONG: Design'd for the *Ridotto*.  
*Tune of Tipling Philosophers*

LET Pleasure crown the *Night* ;  
 Be gen'rous and polite,  
 Ye Sons of *Bacchus* drink away,  
 Ye *Venus Lasses* now be gay,  
 Ye *Hazard Boys*, play *bold* and *high*,  
 Ye *Rooks* and *Sharpers* who are by,  
 Sweep th' gilt *Stakes*, be *brave*, and *swear*,  
 Of the large *Booty*, you'd no *Share*.

II.

Pity the Fool who plays too deep,  
 And for the ruin'd Orphan weep :  
 Loud curse the *Bully* and the *Knave*,  
 Relieve th' impos'd-on, beggar'd *Slave* :  
 Seem hospitable, but act wise,  
 The pious *Cheat* deceives all *Eyes*.  
 Let Pleasure crown the *Night*,  
 Be gen'rous and polite.





To Mr. *John Goddard*, on his intending to  
forsake the *Muses*.

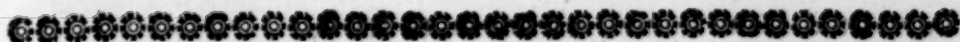
**D**IRE fatal Sound, where now is *Wit*, where *Art* ?  
Where the *Sublime*, that warms the gen'rous *Heart* ?  
See *Goddard*, great *Apollo's* darling Son,  
Forsakes the *Muse*, and leaves the *Lyre* unstrung.  
Sweet was his *Song*, how soft his melting *Lays* :  
Oh ! that *Louisa* could like *Goddard* praise ;  
Like the deserving Youth in flowing Verse ;  
The *Lover's Flame*, and *Hero's Worth* rehearse,  
Paint ev'ry dawning Virtue with that Grace,  
And unborn Ages with that Judgment trace.  
I'd sing thy mourning *Muse*, in warbling *Strains*,  
*Eccho* should sound thy *Worth*, to distant *Plains*.  
Oh ! could I sooth thee, to repeat thy *Song* :  
Pride of the *Old*, and Wonder of the *Young*.  
In lofty *Numbers*, I'd thy *Praise* recite,  
And what Words fail to tell, with Transport write ;  
Yet you, *ungrateful*, bid a last *Farewel*,  
Only sad *Silence*, says I did excel.

On



On *Solitude*.    Writ when in the Country.

**W** H E R E wilt thou hurry me, enchanting *wild*,  
 Robb'd of all *Art*, all Nature's fav'rite *Child*;  
 Methinks, from noisy *Courts*, and peopl'd *Roads*,  
*Gods* well might fix their chosen blest *Abodes*,  
 Where awful *Silence*, happy *Rusticks* greet,  
 Blest with *Content*, Nature's most grateful *Sweet*,  
*Trees*, *Fruits*, and *Flowers*, their *Maker's* Bounty hail,  
 Birds charm the Ear, Odours the Sense regale.  
 Here would I *fix*, and leave the courted *Town*,  
 For the green *Meadow*, and the lonely *Down*.  
 One *Friend*, one dear *Companion* be my *All*,  
 Small my *Possessions*, my *Desires* small.  
 A neat *Repast*, not *nice*, but wholesome *Food*,  
 Unnat'ral *Kickshaws* never can be good.  
 One honest *Vassal*, all I would command,  
*Books*, featherd *Songsters*, and a little *Land*,  
 My faithful *Partner*, sooth my weightiest *Grief*,  
 In Sorrows *Friendship* only gives *Relief*.



*Advice to Aurelia.*    **A S O N G.**

**A** L L wrapt in Thought, *Aurelia* lay,  
Love made the *Fair's* Distress.  
*Amintor's* Charms the Nymph betray,  
Love all her Looks confess.

II.

Ah ! wretched *Fair*, unhappy Maid,  
Heedlessly caught, and lost,  
Thy too inconstant *Love* upbraid,  
Rich at thy Honour's Cost.

III.

Proud of the *Conquest* he hath won,  
See he neglects thy *Charms*,  
No more adores thy rising *Sun*,  
No more thy *Presence* warms.

IV.

To the next *Fair-One*, see he bows,  
Gives her his Soft address,  
Pays her his most obsequious Vows,  
She grants him free *Access*.

Be

## V.

Be warn'd from hence, no more to trust,  
 The fickle, faithless *Swain*,  
 Its *modish* now to be *unjust*,  
 And *well-bred* to disdain.

## VI.

Rouze, simple *Fair*, consult thy *Glass*,  
 Waste not in Sighs thy *Bloom*,  
 Think how the fleeting *Minutes* pass,  
 And what will be thy *Doom*.

F I N I S.

